

الجامعة

The Illustrated Lord Boothby on the
plight of the fishermen.
LONDON
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T. R. Okamoto

Johnson was tortured with doubt about whether to retire from public life in 1964. It was a letter from his wife, Lady Bird, that prompted a dramatic last-minute decision

EVERY PRESIDENT has to establish with the various sectors of the country what I call "the right to govern." Just being elected to the office does not guarantee him that right. Every president has to inspire the confidence of the people. Every president has to become a leader, to be a leader he must attract people who are willing to follow him. Every president has to develop a moral underpinning to power, or he soon discovers that he has no power at all.

For me, that presented special problems. In spite of more than 20 years in public service, now I was an unknown quantity to many of my countrymen and to much of the world when I first assumed office. I suffered other handicap, since I had no "right" to the Presidency, not enough the collective will of the people but in the wake of Kennedy. I had no mandate from the voters.

A few people were openly worried about my becoming President. They found it impossible to transfer their intense loyalties from one President to another. I could understand this, although it complicated my task. Others were apprehensive. This was particularly true within the black community. Just when the blacks had had their hopes for equality and justice raised, after stories of misery and despair, they awoke one morning to discover that their future was in the hands of a President born in the south.

It was imperative that I grasp the reins of power without delay. Any hesitation or wavering, any false step, any sign of self-doubt, could have been disastrous. The nation was in a state of shock and grief. The cry cried out for leadership.

There was doubt and bewilderment about what had actually opened in Dallas on November 22, 1963, and the uncertainty compounded two days later when Lee Harvey Oswald was shot to death while in the custody of the Dallas police. A horrified, outraged nation wanted the truth and no one could immediately provide it. The entire world was watching us through a magnifying glass. Any signs of weakness or indecision could have had grave international consequences—in Berlin, in Southeast Asia, in Latin America. Friend and foe alike had to be convinced that the policies of our country were going to be continued and that we were one and undivided in our resolve to maintain international order. Months later Washington Communists would be writing that

The memoirs of
LBJ
Part 2



WAS I THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB?

I had accomplished a political masterstroke in convincing most of the Kennedy appointees to continue serving in my administration. I saw it neither as political nor as a masterstroke. Rightly or wrongly, I felt from the very first day in office that I had to carry on for President Kennedy. I did what I believed he would have wanted me to do.

I eventually developed my own programmes and policies, but I never lost sight of the fact that I was the trustee and custodian of the Kennedy administration.

ON NOVEMBER 22, 1963, I HAD no way of knowing what the future held. All I knew then was that I had inherited a talented staff and a distinguished Cabinet—but I had inherited neither their loyalty nor their enthusiasm. Those I would have to earn. That was the central problem I faced, not just with Kennedy appointees, but with

much of the federal bureaucracy, with the Congress, and indeed with the entire nation. I had to prove myself.

Another immediate problem that confronted me was the mammoth task of preparing a \$100 billion budget for the federal government in less than two months. Finally, I knew I must break the legislative deadlock which had delayed most of President Kennedy's programmes on Capitol Hill. Congressional foot-dragging and refusal to enact vitally needed legislation were developing into a national crisis.

In all these areas time was the enemy. During my first 30 days in office I believe I averaged no more than four or five hours' sleep a night. If I had a single moment when I could go off alone, relax, and forget the pressures of business, I don't recall it.

Fortunately, a period of relative quiet enabled me to buy a little time on the international front, so that I was able to devote most of my energies to domestic concerns.

On Saturday morning, November 23, I walked into Mac Bundy's office in the basement of the White House and received an international intelligence briefing from John McCone, Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Bundy's office was just a few yards away from the Situation Room—a 24-hour-a-day nerve centre for all our diplomatic and intelligence activities. I had been in that windowless room before, during the Cuban missile crisis, waiting to learn whether the Russian response to our naval blockade would be reason or international suicide. I was to spend many more anxious hours there in the years ahead. But on that sad November morning in 1963 the international front was about as peaceful as it ever gets in these turbulent times.

I was reassured to learn that there was nothing that required an immediate decision. McCone, a grey-haired, soft-spoken man, led me on a tour of the troubled globe, pointing out areas of unrest, international subversion, and potential crisis. I listened and asked an occasional question.

Only South Vietnam gave me real cause for concern. But compared with later periods, even the situation in Vietnam at that point appeared to be relatively free from the pressure of immediate decisions.

The most important foreign policy problem I faced was that of signalling to the world what kind of man I was. It was important that there be no hesitancy on my part—nothing to indicate that the US Government had faltered. It was equally important for the world to understand that I intended to continue the Government's established foreign policies—firmness on the one hand and an effort to thaw the Cold War on the other.

I pledged to the Congress, and to the country on nationwide television, that the United States would keep its commitments "from South Vietnam to West Berlin." On December 17 I addressed the UN General Assembly, stating that it was this nation's policy to help create a world that "can be safe for diversity and free from hostility."

On Monday, November 25, I met with President Charles de Gaulle of France. Just a few hours before our conversation, I received a report from Paris of a recent meeting between de Gaulle and an allied Ambassador. They had discussed what the European response would be in the event of a Soviet invasion of Western Europe. President de Gaulle, according to the report, had said that the United States could not be counted on in such an emergency. He mentioned that the United States had been late in arriving in two world wars and that it had required the holocaust of Pearl Harbour to bring us into the latter.

With this account fresh in my mind, I met with the French President. The General spoke of the affection that both he and the French people had felt for John Kennedy. He then went on to say that the difficulties between our two countries had been greatly exaggerated, and that while changing times called for certain adjustments in our respective roles, the important thing was that Frenchmen knew perfectly well they could count on the United States if France were attacked.

I stared hard at the French President, suppressing a smile. In the years that followed, when de Gaulle's criticism of our role in Vietnam became intense, I had many occasions to remember that conversation. The French leader doubted—in private, at least—the will of the United States to live up to its commitments. He did not believe we would honour our NATO obligations, yet he criticised us for honouring a commitment elsewhere in the world.

In spite of all this, I decided that the interests of our two nations were too close for me to indulge in petty bickering. I made it a rule for myself and for the US Government simply to ignore President de Gaulle's attacks on our policies. Nothing he could say would, in my judgment, divert the French people from their friendship with the American people, a friendship firmly rooted in history.

Having met with the leader of France, our oldest ally, I turned to our relations with an adversary: the Soviet Union. On Tuesday morning, November 26, Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan came to my office. I knew that I was dealing with one of the shrewdest men ever to come up through the Communist hierarchy. One of the few surviving Bolsheviks with real power, Mikoyan had been brought to Moscow by Stalin in 1926, had escaped innumerable purges, and had demonstrated an uncanny ability to survive.

We talked for 55 minutes and the conversation was not all diplomatic pleasantries. I remembered how Nikita Khrushchev had misjudged President Kennedy's character and underestimated his toughness after their 1961 meeting in Vienna. I considered it essential to let Mikoyan understand that while the United States wanted peace more than anything else in the world, it would not allow its interests, or its friends' and allies' interests, to be trampled by aggression or subversion.

I told him that from the point of view of the United States peace and friendship between our two nations were constantly being strained by the Castro-prompted subversion in Latin America. Mikoyan's black eyes flashed. He said he could not understand how such a small nation as Cuba could subvert anyone, let alone a big power.

It was a cat-and-mouse game. I had seen a large number of reliable intelligence reports on Castro's activities throughout the hemisphere, and Mikoyan obviously knew that. I said that the United States had no plans to invade Cuba and that we believed there was no justification for Cuba to invade others "by subversion or otherwise."

I did not expect Mikoyan to admit that Castro was exporting his revolution. But I did want him to get the message that we would not tolerate this. We ended the meeting on a note of hope. I handed him a letter to



In the White House, LBJ and Lady Bird Johnson discuss whether he should run in 1964. "I felt a strong inclination to go back to Texas... I believed I could retire in good conscience." But Lady Bird wrote to him: "To step out now would be wrong for your country."

take to Chairman Khrushchev expressing my desire to ease the tensions between our nations. The letter said:

In addition to the public message which I have sent to you, I should like you to know that I have kept in close touch with the development of relations between the United States and the Soviet Union and that I have been in full accord with the policies of President Kennedy. I hope that we can make progress in improving our relations and in resolving the many serious problems that face us.

May I say that I am fully aware of the heavy responsibility which our two countries bear for the maintenance and consolidation of peace. I hope that we can work together for the achievement of that great goal, despite the many and complex issues which divide us. I can assure you that I shall devote myself to this purpose.

JOHN KENNEDY had been murdered, and a troubled, puzzled, and outraged nation wanted to know the facts.

Some very disturbing facts about Lee Harvey Oswald were coming to light—notably, that he considered himself a Communist, that he had once given up his citizenship to live in Russia, and that when he finally returned to the United States, with a Russian wife, he immediately hoisted the banner of Fidel Castro.

What did all this mean? Was Oswald the killer? If so, was he carrying out orders from someone else? Did he have accomplices or did he act alone? There was hope, at least, that Oswald would supply the answers. But on Sunday, November 24, with millions of people watching on their television sets, Jack Ruby, a previously anonymous nightclub operator, walked calmly into the garage of the Dallas jail and shot Lee Harvey Oswald to death. The answers were lost, perhaps for all time.

With that single shot the outrage of a nation turned to scepticism and doubt. The atmosphere was poisonous and had to be cleared. I was aware of some of the implications that grew out of that scepticism and doubt. Russia was not immune to them. Neither was Cuba. Neither was the new President of the United States.

Lady Bird had told me a story when I finally arrived at home in north-west Washington on the night of November 22. She and Liz Carpenter (her Press Secretary) had driven home immediately after our arrival at the White House, while I stayed on to work. On their way to our house, Liz had commented: "It's a terrible thing to say, but the salvation of Texas is that the Governor was hit."

And Lady Bird replied: "Don't

think I haven't thought of that. I only wish it could have been me."

Out of the nation's suspicions the Warren Commission was born. I don't believe I ever considered anyone but Chief Justice Earl Warren for chairman. I was not an intimate of the Chief Justice. We had never spent ten minutes alone together, but to me he was the personification of justice and fairness in this country.

I knew it was not a good precedent to involve the Supreme Court in such an investigation. Chief Justice Warren knew this too and was vigorously opposed

to it. I called him in anyway. Before he came, he sent word through a third party that he would not accept the assignment.

When the Chief Justice came into my office and sat down, I told him that I knew what he was going to say to me but that there was one thing no one else had said to him: In World War One he had put a rifle to his shoulder and offered to give his life, if necessary, to save his country. When the country is confronted with threatening divisions and suspicions, I said, and its foundation is being rocked, and the President of the United States

continued on next page

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WAS I THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB?

continued from preceding page
says that you are the only man who can handle the matter, you won't say "no," will you?

He swallowed hard and said, "No, sir."

I had always had great respect for Chief Justice Warren. From that moment on I became his great advocate as well.

If the days immediately following John Kennedy's death called for leadership, they also underlined the need for a renewed sense of national unity. I saw my primary task as building a consensus throughout the country, so that we could stop bickering and quarrelling and get on with the job at hand. Unfortunately, the word "consensus" came to be profoundly misunderstood.

What consensus meant to some people was a search for the lowest common denominator. Nothing could be further from the truth. In politics the lowest common denominator almost invariably means inaction, and that was the last thing we could afford.

To me, consensus meant, first, deciding what needed to be done regardless of the political implications and, second, convincing a majority of the Congress and the American people of the necessity for doing those things. I was President of the United States at a crucial point in its history, and if a President does not lead he is abandoning the prime and indispensable obligation of the Presidency. We did build a consensus. I think we did convince the vast majority of Americans that the time for positive action had arrived.

Teddy Roosevelt used to call the Presidency a "bully pulpit." During my first 30 days in office I preached many sermons from that pulpit. I knew I had to secure the co-operation of the people who were the natural leaders of the nation. I talked with those

leaders, from every walk of life.

I talked with the Cabinet members and impressed on them the fact that even though John Kennedy was dead, it was the responsibility of every one of us to keep the business of the country moving ahead. I spoke with black groups and with individual leaders of the black community and told them that John Kennedy's dream of equality had not died with him. I talked regularly with the congressional leaders from both sides of the aisle and urged them to start the legislative machinery moving forward. I pleaded. I reasoned. I argued. I urged. I warned.

The most significant advantage I had during the transition period was a genuine desire for national unity on the part of most people. Americans had learned, in the cruellest way possible, where hatred and divisiveness could lead the nation, and I think they were ready to try another route. My task was to show them the way, using the "bully pulpit" of the Presidency. Those were frantic days. I recall holding my first news conference on December 7 and being asked how I felt about the prospect of spending my first night in the White House—that evening.

"I feel like I have already been here a year," I replied.

Under our system of government, with its clearly defined separation of powers, the greatest threat to the Chief Executive's "right to govern" comes traditionally from the Congress. Congress is jealous of its prerogatives. All too often that jealousy turns into a stubborn refusal to co-operate in any way with the Chief Executive.

The Congress had been in such a mood from the first day that John Kennedy took office in 1961, and the situation had

been getting worse. An entire programme of social legislation proposed by President Kennedy—from aid to education to food stamps to civil rights—remained bottled up in committee.

This situation had grown so intolerable that when I assumed office, a month before the end of the year, more than half of the appropriations bills remained unpassed—which meant that the federal government had been operating on billions of dollars' worth of promises since July 1. We had not faced a similar situation in 32 years. I remember telling Senator Dirksen that "we're going to be in a hell of a shape if the Congress won't even pay its own bills."

Two bills headed my list of priorities, not only because of their merits and the national needs they represented but also because of their symbolic importance. If we could get the tax reduction bill and the civil rights bill passed, we would win valuable prestige in re-establishing some degree of Executive leadership in Congress.

The key to the tax reduction bill was the budget. The budget recommended to President Kennedy shortly before his death was \$102.2 billion. The revenue estimates were \$93.1 billion. These figures indicated a deficit of \$9 billion. To ask the Congress to reduce taxes in the face of a budget imbalance amounting to \$9 billion was the nearest thing to asking it to pass a joint resolution endorsing sin.

I spread the word as quickly and as clearly as I could: Start reviewing the budget, start cutting expenditures; nothing is sacred. My fiscal advisers argued against budget reduction. They reiterated that we needed a tax cut to stimulate the economy.

I told them they might be able to sell me on the New Economics, but not Senator Harry Byrd.

I worked as hard on that budget as I have ever worked on anything. To the average



Johnson meeting those most affected by his War on Poverty and civil rights Bill. "I believed that a huge injustice had been perpetrated for hundreds of years on every black man, woman and child."

citizen, the federal budget is a dry, unfathomable maze of figures and statistics—duller than a telephone directory. In reality, it is a human document affecting the daily lives of every American. Every cut in the budget affects some segment of our society, so cuts are never made casually. Day after day I went over that budget I studied almost every line, nearly every page, until I was dreaming about the budget at night.

When I delivered my first State of the Union message to the Congress—on January 8—I tried to impart a sense of urgency by discussing first the tax cut and then the 1965 budget. I announced that the budget I would soon submit would be the smallest since 1951 in proportion to our gross national product. At \$97.9 billion, \$4 billion less than the

previous year's request, this budget allowed us to cut our projected deficit in half.

The Civil Rights Bill—designed to end segregation in public restaurants and hotels—was another matter. Civil rights was both an emotional and a moral issue. It contained the seeds of rebellion on Capitol Hill—not just over civil rights, but over my entire legislative programme. As a moral issue, however, it could not be avoided regardless of the outcome.

"What fear of what disclosures caused you to make this decision? etc. etc.

That will be painful.

2. There will be a wave of

scope of the problems that the riots and the Tonkin Gulf incident represented, but it was clear that both events foreshadowed dark days of trial ahead. I believe that the nation could successfully weather the ordeals it faced only if the people were united. I deeply feared that I would not be able to keep the country consolidated and bound together.

The burden of national unity rests heaviest on one man, the President. And I did not believe, any more than I ever had, that the nation would unite indefinitely behind any Southerner. I was convinced that the metropolitan press of the Eastern seaboard would never permit it. My experience in office had confirmed this reaction. I was not thinking just of my style, my clothes, my manner, my accent, and my family—although I admit I received enough of that kind of treatment in my first few months as President to last a lifetime. I was also thinking of a more deep-seated and far-reaching attitude—a disdain for the South that seems to be woven into the fabric of Northern experience.

So throughout the spring and summer months of 1964, while it was widely and positively and authoritatively assumed that I would be the Democratic nominee, I privately wrestled with grave doubts.

I did not decide, fully and finally, until three o'clock on the afternoon of August 25, the day after the Democratic convention opened in Atlantic City. All the doubts that had been plaguing me for so long came to a head that morning. I knew all too well that time was running out and that an irrevocable decision would soon have to be made. I sat at my desk in the Oval Office and wrote out the following statement on a yellow pad:

Forty-four months ago I was selected to be the Democratic Vice-President. Because I felt I could best serve my country and my party, I left the Majority Leadership of the Senate to seek the Vice-Presidential post, believing I could help unify the country and thus better serve it.

In the time given me, I did my best. On that fateful day last year I accepted the responsibilities of the Presidency, asking God's guidance and the help of all of the people. For nine months I've carried on as effectively as I could.

Our country faces grave dangers. These dangers must be faced and met by a united people under a leader they do not doubt.

After 33 years in political life most men acquire enemies, as ships accumulate barnacles. The times require leadership, about which there is no doubt and a voice that men of all parties, sections and colour can follow.

1. In the course of the campaign and in the ensuing years, you—and I—and the children—will certainly get criticised and cut up, for things we have done, or maybe partly-in-a-way have done—and for others that we never did at all.

That will be painful.

2. You are bound to make some bad decisions, be unable to achieve some high-vaulting ambitions, be disappointed at the inadequacies of some helpers—or perhaps of your own.

That will be painful even more.

3. You may die earlier than you would otherwise. Nobody can tell that—as the last six months show...

MY CONCLUSIONS:

Stay in.

Realise it's going to be rough—but remember we worry much in advance about troubles that never happen!

Face yourself, within the limits of your personality.

If you lose in November—it's all settled anyway!

If you win, let's do the best we can for 3 years and 3 or 4 months—and then, the Lord letting us live that long, announce in February or March, 1968, that you are not a candidate for re-election.

You'll then be 59, and by the end of that term a mellow 60, and I believe the juices of life will be stilled enough to let you come home in relative peace and acceptance. (We may even have grandchildren.)

Through our years together I have come to value Lady Bird's opinion of me, my virtues and flaws. I have found her judgment generally excellent. But in this instance although I respected her logic, I was not convinced. As spring of 1964 turned to summer and then the summer began to pass, I remained uncertain.

This period was, to be sure, a time of many great achievements. Our efforts to get a solid programming through Congress were bearing fruit. The tax bill, the civil rights bill, the farm bill, and the antipoverty bill, were all put on the books. But with all the triumphs there were troubles too. In July, scarcely two weeks after the landmark Civil Rights Act of 1964 was passed, Negro rioters went on the rampage in Harlem and Brooklyn, in Rochester, New York, and New Jersey. And early in August US Navy ships were attacked in the Gulf of Tonkin.

1. I decided finally that afternoon, after reversing my position of the morning and with a reluctance known to very few people, that I would accept my party's nomination.

2. I am not afraid of Time or losing money or defeat in the final analysis. I can't carry any of the burdens you talked of—so I know it's only your choice. But I know you are as brave as any of the 35

I love you always.

In a few words she hit me on two most sensitive and compelling points, telling me that what I had planned to do would be wrong for my country and that it would show a lack of courage on my part. The message I read most clearly in her note to me was that my announcement to the 1964 convention that I would not run would be taking the easy way out.

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I love you always.

Extracted from *The Unseen Point* by Lyndon Baines Johnson, to be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson on January 20, 1972, at £5.50.

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Hans Olsen: artist turned engineer.

The five Bush Arena Hi-Fi/Stereo systems were created by Hans Olsen, the Danish designer who recently won the Industriform Design Award. For a designer of stereo he has magnificent qualifications: he's both artist and engineer. He says: "I believe in simple, beautiful design." (Look at the picture and you'll see what he means.) For the finish, Hans Olsen has chosen teak, and reserved rosewood and white for one of the systems.

How Much?

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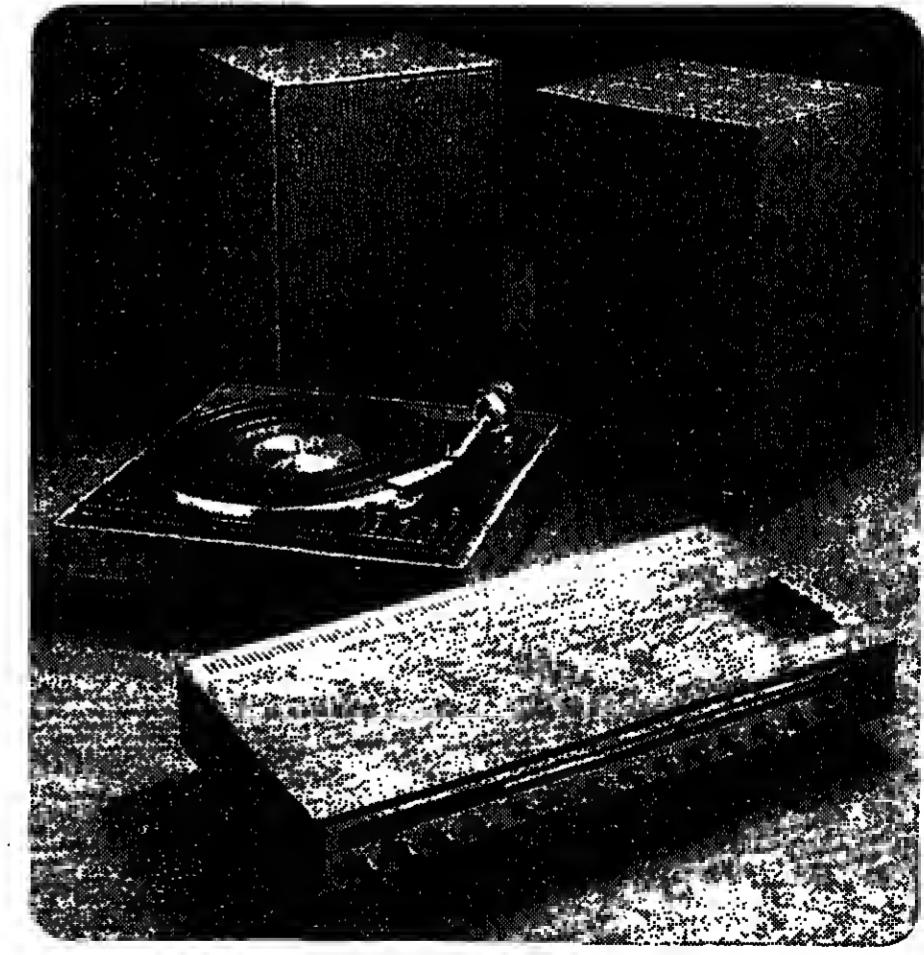
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ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

Today	7	PUBLIC ORCHESTRAL REHEARSAL	Howard	Burrell	...Notturno
Nov.	8	LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA	Robin	Holloway	...Concerto for
2.30 pm	9	Myer Freimann	Orchestra	Orchestra	Violin & Piano
Today	7	LONDON PHILHARMONIC	Orchestral	Barenboim	...N. G. No. 3
Nov.	8	Orchestral	Barenboim	Roger	Beethoven
7.30 pm	9	London Philharmonic	Orchestra Ltd.	Edwards	...C. Bal. Crovati
Mon.	8	PIANO RECITAL	Liesz	Variations	...on a theme by
Nov.	9	MALCUZYNSKI	Tchaikovsky	Chopin	Beethoven
8 pm	10	Wifred Van Wyck	Tchaikovsky	...No. 5	...in O. The Coronation
Tues.	9	LONDON PHILHARMONIC	Tchaikovsky	...No. 1	...of the Moonlight
Nov.	10	Barnard, Haltiner	...Piano Concerto	...No. 2	...No. 3
8 pm	11	London Philharmonic	...No. 3	...No. 3	...in G major
Wed.	10	ORGAN REGAL	Vivaldi	...Concerto	...No. 3
Nov.	11	RODNEY BALDWIN	W. F. Bach	...Concerto	...No. 3
8 pm	12	Royal Festival Hall	G. E. Bach	...Concerto	...No. 3
BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA	7.30 pm	GRIMES, RICHARD SOCIETY	J. S. Bach	...Concerto	...No. 3
Michał Gilewski	8 pm	British Broadcasting	J. S. Bach	...Concerto	...No. 3
Thurs.	11	ROYAL PHILHARMONIC	Elgar	...Concerto	...No. 3
Nov.	12	Lawrence Foster	Beethoven	...Concerto	...No. 3
8 pm	13	Eric Griswold	Beethoven	...Concerto	...No. 3
Fri.	12	HUNGARIAN STATE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA	Mendelssohn	...Overture	...Finale
Nov.	13	London	Violin Concerto	...No. 1	...in D major
8 pm	14	Andras Kovacs	Kodaly	...Concerto	...No. 1
Sat.	15	Sorabji & Co. Ltd.	Bartók	...Concerto	...No. 1
10.30 pm	16	QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL	...Concerto	...No. 1	...in G major
MONDAY	17	ALIO KONTARSKY	...Concerto	...No. 1	...in G major
TUESDAY	18	Stockhausen	Klavierstücke	No. 1 to 11	
10.30 pm	19	ELIAS, CLAUDIO	...No. 9		
WEDNESDAY	20	ROD, 40p	Impen & Williams Ltd.		
10.30 pm	21	NKNUK BANERJEE	...star		
THURSDAY	22	FAIVAZ KHAN	...Recital of Indian Music		
10.30 pm	23	AH EVENING WITH STEPHANE GRAPPELLI	...Recital		
WEDNESDAY	24	Introduced by Peter Glavin			
10.30 pm	25	THE SCHOLARS, FINE ARTS TRIO	Syrd, Morley, Madrigal		
THURSDAY	26	Hans No. 2, William Wordsworth, Four Seasonal Poems			
10.30 pm	27	Harmony & Jazz	C. Co., Cl. 100, 10.30, 10.45, 10.50, 10.55, 10.58, 10.59, 10.60, 10.61, 10.62, 10.63, 10.64, 10.65, 10.66, 10.67, 10.68, 10.69, 10.70, 10.71, 10.72, 10.73, 10.74, 10.75, 10.76, 10.77, 10.78, 10.79, 10.80, 10.81, 10.82, 10.83, 10.84, 10.85, 10.86, 10.87, 10.88, 10.89, 10.90, 10.91, 10.92, 10.93, 10.94, 10.95, 10.96, 10.97, 10.98, 10.99, 10.100, 10.101, 10.102, 10.103, 10.104, 10.105, 10.106, 10.107, 10.108, 10.109, 10.110, 10.111, 10.112, 10.113, 10.114, 10.115, 10.116, 10.117, 10.118, 10.119, 10.120, 10.121, 10.122, 10.123, 10.124, 10.125, 10.126, 10.127, 10.128, 10.129, 10.130, 10.131, 10.132, 10.133, 10.134, 10.135, 10.136, 10.137, 10.138, 10.139, 10.140, 10.141, 10.142, 10.143, 10.144, 10.145, 10.146, 10.147, 10.148, 10.149, 10.150, 10.151, 10.152, 10.153, 10.154, 10.155, 10.156, 10.157, 10.158, 10.159, 10.160, 10.161, 10.162, 10.163, 10.164, 10.165, 10.166, 10.167, 10.168, 10.169, 10.170, 10.171, 10.172, 10.173, 10.174, 10.175, 10.176, 10.177, 10.178, 10.179, 10.180, 10.181, 10.182, 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HILIP OAKES TALKS TO DENNIS POTTER

FRENCH VIEW OF FRANCIS BACON

AYMOND MORTIMER: THE NIJINSKY LEGEND

Cyril Connolly discusses the birthpangs of one of the century's greatest poems, Eliot's *The Waste Land*

HE POET'S WORKSHOP

AWAITED and well worth the waiting, new edition of *The Waste Land*: A Facsimile Transcript, edited by Valerie Eliot (25 pp 148), with all its corrections and lost excisions, is an joy to hold and to d: a monument to the dead poet and the amici. Ezra Pound and Valerie Eliot, who to breathe upon his ashes. Indispensable ll lovers of poetry, students of the early ieth century, and survivors like myself.

The Waste Land first appeared in Number of the Criterion, at the end of 1922, then e Dial (Chicago), then in the American in the Hogarth Press Edition hand- y Leonard and Virginia Woolf. I read it as an undergraduate when it came out and then have never looked forward. John n, the New York lawyer and friend of d and Joyce, the Maecenas of the uemong, helped Eliot with the American cation which netted him the Dial Prize 1,000 dollars. Eliot presented Quinn with manuscript as a token of gratitude and that onate bibliophile (who also owned most ad manuscripts and the bulk of *Ulysses*) about to help Eliot off the hook in Lloyds, when he died suddenly in 1924.

e manuscript disappeared and was not in Quinn sale. It had reached him in January and formed part of the estate inherited is sister whose daughter Mrs Conroy only vered it in storage in the early 1950s. In 1958 she sold the manuscript to the Berg of the New York Public Library for 0 dollars. "The purchase remained pri- neither Eliot nor Pound being told about Mrs Eliot was not informed till 1968.

manuscript is partly in holograph but y typewritten and there are some fair s; besides her introduction and notes Mrs also includes the first edition as it origi- appeared.

this presentation all Pound's corrections suggestions are printed in red to distin- them from Eliot's own alterations and a few remarks by Vivien Eliot, usually ed to "Wonderful, wonderful!"

Mr Eliot's editing tidies it all up. Her notes and introduction benefit from access to her husband's correspondence.

The final *Waste Land* leaps from passages of immense talent to those, like the last section, of sheer genius where Eliot seems to rise above and out of himself, as in *Ash Wednesday*. What was that, so austere, so arrogant, so prim and whimsical, so tragic?

The late Robert Sencourt, a New Zealand expatriate high churchman, has tried to explain it in his memoir T. S. Eliot, edited by Donald Adamson (Garnstone Press £2.80), defying Eliot's injunction that he did not wish for a biography. The book has been completed, annotated and expanded by Mr Adamson, who seems to possess Sencourt's notes, letters and photographs. There is a formidable array of acknowledgments, although Mrs Eliot has issued a list of twenty-five factual inaccuracies, an unusual proceeding.

It is not difficult to find further inaccuracies in Mr Sencourt. He confuses Marburg with Munich, spells names wrong (Madame des Burges de de Béhague) and borrowings from the extant authorities on Eliot are not invariably acknowledged. What is wrong is the general tone. I am sure the late Robert Sencourt had many interesting things to say, particularly on Eliot's religious life, but the way he said them is creepy, mealy-mouthed, and crypto-malicious. Heaven preserve one from such a biographer. And he writes in fulsome prose, a special style for padding out insufficient data. He would call God by his Christian name.

The main interest of his book, apart from its religious data, is in the light it throws on Eliot's first marriage. Here I can throw a small grenade. Logan Pearsall Smith told me, many years ago, that Eliot had compromised Miss Haigh-Wood (a schoolteacher from Southampton according to Leonard Woolf) and then felt obliged, as an American gentleman, the New England code being stricter than ours, to propose to her. This would account for the furtive nature of the ceremony, and for his subsequent recollecting of his conjugal privileges.

It is clear that Vivien's temperament, so closely resembling Zelma Fitzgerald's, was quite unsuited to Eliot's, once their initial pleasures of dancing and poetry had worn off. When she had an affair with Bertrand Russell Eliot must have been almost grateful. She wrote some charming, light-hearted pieces for the Criterion (as Shylock—see the *Waste Land* epigraph) but became destructive and self-destructive, then took to ether corroborated by Grover Smith and Leonard Woolf in conversation), and finally went mad. Eliot in his turn suffered from guilt and remorse, uncertain how much he was to blame for what might well have happened anyhow.

"The Waste Land" in fact is a poem of a broken marriage, where love survives amid the craters. In Vivien's own hand is the line "What you get married for if you don't want children," which Eliot interpolated before "Hurry up please it's time"; while after "Goodnight, sweet ladies" she wrote: "Splendid last lines."

He still loved her at the time of writing "Ash Wednesday" (1930). But, by 1932, the situation was hopeless.

More controversial points are raised over the break with John Hayward, by which time Mr Sencourt has lost much of his credibility.

Meanwhile we await Mrs Eliot's "Correspondence," and perhaps the publication of the Quinn notebook.

of the "Fire Sermon" and was deleted by Pound, I think correctly. Pound also cut some stanzas, a Baudelairean invocation to London and some further details about the "young man caruncular." Pound's comments here are particularly instructive.

The Shipwreck passage (based on Ulysses in Dante and Tennyson) is 80 lines long, in blank verse or rhyming stanzae with echoes of Rimbaud and Conrad. Here Eliot wished to incorporate his New England boyhood, spent among sailing men at Gloucester, Mass., and his knowledge of the sea. He even mentions the "Dry Salvages."

I feel it is better out, for it provides an elaborate setting for the Phlebas verses which gain enormously for their being isolated as the whole of section IV. (Eliot, by now downhearted, proposed to cut them as well, but Pound would not have it.)

As for the last section "What the Thunder said" it was Pound's turn to give up. "OK from here on," he pencils, and suggests only a few small alterations.

The short poems at the end should really belong to "Ara Vos Precc." About the many verbal suggestions and small deletions by Pound there can be only one verdict: they are nearly all improvements. Particularly good are his rearrangements of word order. As Pound wrote to Eliot: "Compiimenti, you hitch. I am wracked by the seven jealousies." And he sent him his delightful:

SAGE HOMME

These are the poems of Eliot

By the Uranian muse hego!

A man their mother was,

A Muse their Sire.

How did the printed *Infancies* result

From nuptials thus doubly difficult?

If you must needs enquire

Know diligent Reader

That on such occasion

Era performed the Caesarean operation.

Mrs Eliot's editing tidies it all up. Her notes and introduction benefit from access to her husband's correspondence.

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Call into your CBS record store to listen to this brilliant music. Or send for the descriptive CBS brochure which details other boxed sets including John Williams and other world-famous artists. It could solve a lot of Christmas present problems.



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THE SUNDAY TIMES

الجمعة 15

THE ARTS

The Bruckner scale

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

IT CANNOT now be said, as it certainly could before the war, that the musical public has no chance of acquainting itself with Bruckner. The two symphonies that occupied places of honour in the Festival Hall programmes of the past week (the Seventh on Wednesday by the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Reginald Goodall, playing for the Royal Philharmonic Society, the Eighth on Thursday by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Rudolf Kempe) were no isolated events; both drew full houses and the regulation shouts of applause as the carriage-length of four finally thundered home.

Magnitude itself, we should recognise, has become a potent source of appeal. The sheer scale of Wagner's "Ring" seems to attract thousands who think less of those finer scores, "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger"; Mahler's gigantic Eighth, by no means his best symphony, can always be relied on to draw the biggest crowds; while among living composers both Messiaen and Stockhausen seem to have benefited from the vast scale on which they frequently operate.

The young, it seems, are peculiarly susceptible to the lure of the outside; at that age we positively need, and relish, the challenge of an artistic Mount Everest. I remember the enthusiasm with which I used to sit through (I am not sure that I didn't once stand through) those complete six-hour performances that Esme Percy gave of Shaw's "Man and Superman"; none of our little gang would have admitted to boredom during a single one of the tirades of the "Don Juan in Hell" interlude.

All of which leads me to the sad confession that, not having caught the Bruckner bug in my youth, I am by now the wroog age to succumb altogether to his mammoth blandishments. Certainly I enjoy revisiting, from time to time, those magnificently rolling and spacious landscapes; I admire the view. So, I gradually become aware, does the composer: he has relaxed on a "Rest-and-be-thankful" seat and is fanning himself with his broad bat before striking off on another path. I follow him; the new path is no less alluring, and leads to still grander vistas; we clump about, scan the far horizon, return on our tracks, even indulge in draughts of beer and houss in rustic merriment at an alpine inn. A good time is had; but long before we reach home I feel exhausted.

What proves exhausting is not so much the sheer length of the symphonies as the squareness of their lay-out and scheme. The thematic material itself is often very beautiful and by no means square; the wonderful cello melody, for example, that opens the seventh symphony is finely varied both in phrase length and in harmonic movement; and it is not exceptional. But a glance through any movement in a Bruckner score will soon reveal, fail to the eyes, four-bar and eight-bar phrases and sequences laid out with the monotony of a musical flower-bed; and it is the squareness and predictability of his schemes that can do most to inhibit a full enjoyment of his works.

In writing last week of John Cox's Wexford production of Mozart's "Il re pastore," a slip of the pen led me to mention his Coliseum production of Ravel's "L'heure espagnole"; I should have said "L'enfant et les sortiléges," an event which occurred before the Sadler's Wells company left its old home.

A VALUABLE latecomer on the scene of the Beethoven centenary (though not so late as the present reference might imply) is The Beethoven Companion, edited by Denis Arnold and Nigel Fortune (Faber, £7, pp 542). Like other miscellanies, this symposium varies widely in merit. The best chapters, such as Winton Dean's penetrating account of Beethoven's completed and abortive operatic ventures on Thursday, Radu Lupu and the RPO attained perfect unity and perfect elegance of style in one of the finest of all Mozart's piano concertos, K 467, in C major. Mature Mozart defies our generalisations: he has really nothing at all.

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Even in the early planning stages, it was Bruckner's habit to lay out these predominantly eight-bar stretches and to number them off like a platoon sergeant-major; the excellent article on the composer by Friedrich Blume in the German encyclopedia, "Musik in Geschichts und Gegenwart," reproduces two sketches for the ninth symphony which show that at quite an early stage the eternally eight-bar symmetry was now, not again by a twelve-bar stretch, but never by one of five or seven bars) was already in full command.

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Philip Oakes talks to an embattled TV dramatist

POTTER'S PATH

John Hodge

BRACED BY the success of TV's Tudor spectacular, *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, a hopeful young producer came up with what he saw as the BBC's next royal flush. "What I envisage," he told the playwright Dennis Potter, "is a series on the Georges. How would you like to write one?" "Fine," said Potter, a comical moner down to his toes. "I'll take George Formby."

Invitation withdrawn, but there's no cause for concern. Potter's not urgently in need of a job. Next week, on November 16th, the BBC starts screening *Potter's* latest and most ambitious work. The Corporation calls it a six-part series starring Frank Finlay as Casanova. Potter, on the other hand, regards it as a single play divided into six episodes.

He's spent thirteen months writing it. There's been location filming in Venice, and it abounds in lovely, naked ladies. Overseas buyers are probably forming a queue at Television Centre this minute. But what they'll be bidding for is several light years away from a costume romp. "To me," says Potter, "the term 'costume drama' means something totally tickled. It doesn't interest me in the slightest. What first seized my imagination was the myth of Casanova. Everyone's heard of it. But what does it mean? You hear about the office Casanova, the small-town Casanova, the shop-floor Casanova. He was what you describe as a libertine; but he was concerned with religious and sexual freedom, and these are things we have to address ourselves to now."

It won't, perhaps, be apparent to everyone; at least, not at first. But in the gales of righteousness that gust through the land, Potter stands firm. "The libertine is the last possible hero. Traditional heroes are too derisory for words; but the libertine as hero persists. Malice and envy lap their gentle hide around him, but he is the last hero. Of course, I read his memoirs, and I simply don't believe them. They're vain and egotistical, but they are about a man who is hunted by what he is hunting—and that is freedom, expressed in sexual terms."

"I live in a time very much like our own. The same fear of sex as a liberating agent is abroad now; we even have our own Inquisition. I think the play says something about the vacuity of submitting totally to the senses. At the end we see him as an old man desperately trying to remember past triumphs, but with no way of looking at the world except through a pair of thighs. Finally he escapes through the roof of his prison—a moment which also signals his escape from the hood."

Potter talks and writes with such verve that it comes as a shock to realise that his juices flow through a body racked by



Dennis Potter and his wife Margaret

arthritis. He suffers too from psoriasis, a hateful skin complaint which requires eight hours' meditation a day. What's surprising is not his resilience, but his insight into his condition. "I believe that we choose our illnesses. I was always angry, and I have the feeling that the anger in me was turned inwards. Either it turns into your mind, or you're fortunate enough for it to turn into your limbs. I was in hospital five times, and finally I came to terms with what was happening. I had to acknowledge that it was incurable, but at the same time it was controllable."

It was illness which led to his appointment as the Daily Herald's TV critic ("I was limping around with a stick, and it was the only job I could do"). It was illness which finally engineered his break from newspapers, and the same crippling limitations which

drove him towards TV drama—a form of writing which he rates the most testing and rewarding of all.

"It's because television is so domestic that it's so important. It's part of the give and take of life. I don't want to write for the theatre. It means the audience has to put on a public face. It becomes collusive. The audience colludes with the performers in a very conspiratorial way. In your own house you can heigh, hreak wind and be yourself. The writer reaches his audience with his defences down, and that's how I like it."

Potter lives with his wife Margaret and their three children in a roomy Victorian house at Ross-on-Wye, only eight miles from the village where he was born. He has never been abroad: "To me, travel spells travail." Planes fill him with

anxiety. He suffers too from psoriasis, a hateful skin complaint which requires eight hours' meditation a day. What's surprising is not his resilience, but his insight into his condition. "I believe that we choose our illnesses. I was always angry, and I have the feeling that the anger in me was turned inwards. Either it turns into your mind, or you're fortunate enough for it to turn into your limbs. I was in hospital five times, and finally I came to terms with what was happening. I had to acknowledge that it was incurable, but at the same time it was controllable."

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dread. No sane man, he says, would choose to step into one of those things. He measures distance by the time it takes to get there on foot: "I belong to a walking culture, entirely pre-motor." But there is nothing parochial about his work. He is imaginative, innovative and uncompromising. In the small circle of TV dramatists whose plays measure up both as popular entertainment and lively art he is, in my view, the best of the bunch.

He's a gingery, combative man and he relishes the rows that his plays provoke. He's even happier when abetted by circumstance. His play *Vote, Vote, Vote* for Nigel Barton, which heartily damned careerist politics, was preceded on the box by a party political broadcast by Edward Heath. "I desperately tried to persuade them to go straight into the play without any titles. But they wouldn't have it."

His play about Christ, *Son of Man*, brought him four hundred letters in one week: "There were all sorts of letters, including a lot of those mad scrawls on flimsy paper promising me eternal damnation."

It's this come-back that Potter finds so stimulating. "TV drama has switched from condescension to critical response. This is the justification for carrying on. I calculate an audience in tens of millions, and it's bound to do something to the adrenaline. You reach that condition that all writers aspire to. You say: listen to me. And they do. You can open your veins on TV more easily than anywhere. It's the last straw for the individual writer."

Writing Casanova as a six-hour play was wildly ambitious, he says: "But I wanted to do an accumulative portrait, something that wasn't swallowed up as soon as the screen went dark." It's behind him now, and he's more interested in what happens to another play he's just delivered, entitled *Follow the Yellow Brick Road*.

"It's my first really religious play, about the experience of knowing that there is a God, and then losing it. The man it happens to is an actor, and the loss of faith occurs when he's filming a dog-food commercial on Barnes Common—a filthy place, says Potter, spectacularly littered with contraceptives.

He saw his script on its journey round the BBC's Television Centre and noted a memo pinned to the first page. "It read 'Does this play have to be so contraptively explicit?' Well, it does. And for the first time ever I've added my own note. It says: 'Don't alter a word.'"

Of all the battles he's fought, says Potter, this promises to be the bloodiest. It's good to see a man who so clearly enjoys his work.

HAVING SPENT the last year recording my day-by-day potterings on the posterior of *The Sunday Times*, I try to keep a weathered eye propped open for Sunday night's series, *One Man's Week* (BBC2). The problems of a journalist eavesdropping on himself, even if he does sometimes have to slip off to the euphemism at parties to scribble notes, are as nothing compared to seeming to act naturally with cameras and photo floods peering over your shoulder.

But TV producers are rarely satisfied with the props and

scenery provided free by real life.

They suffer the same compulsion to improve on nature that we all experience when we angle our holiday camera to miss the gasworks, the electric cables and the advertising hoardings. One Man's Week should need no other excuse except truth to the individual experience. But recently, a well-known broadcaster was discovered sitting in a book-lined study which he cheerfully admitted was not his own room at home, but one mocked up in the studio to represent the kind of book-lined study it was felt he ought to possess.

Again, a respected TV critic conducted us on a tour around the deserted features department of his paper, allegedly emptied by the exodus of colleagues on holiday, though I have reason to suspect some at least were hiding on instructions behind the filing cabinets.

Last Sunday, it was One Man's Week with Arlanna Stassinopoulos, the President of the Cambridge Union. With 168 hours of existence to boil down into 30 minutes of screen time, she felt obliged to include an irrelevant clip from a French film mainly showing a black dog romping in the sea, and scenes of her sister rehearsing a Greek tragedy at RADA. Miss Stassinopoulos (of Cambridge) is a good-looking figurehead of a girl, with strongly outlined features. I wonder if Miss Stassinopoulos (of Gower Street) will be short-sighted, pompous and silly, carried away by the joys of the chase as if she were holding to her feet in the next installment of *The Rivals* of Sherlock Holmes. Though basically I believe that all communists, whether critics or creators, should state their prejudices openly and stand by them, I only regret that they would be so lacking in originality. I must confess this provision of alternatives, though often an excuse for cowardice, can be as unexpected as a reward.

By comparison, William Trevor's *O Far White Woman* (BBC1) seemed almost a propaganda exercise, failing to clinch its point because of its dated background, the absence of any real concern for its sardonic headmaster who killed a pupil in a fit of almost absent-minded belligerence. It was written and directed by (Philip) Saville, on an allusive, melting, poetic style,

Bird's eye viewing

TELEVISION □ ALAN BRIEN

the attitudes and assumptions he is expected to share and support. On the box, anybody can gate-crash anything, choosing which side to hack and which to barrack.

I imagine that some followers of the BBC2 Turgenev serial, *Fathers and Sons*, identify with Pavel, the weary, superior, fox-terrier uncle who has seen and heard and discussed everything before, prefacing each outright dismissal of any new thought with the arrogant, unapologetic *ruhrue*.

"I am sorry I may be old-fashioned but..." After a recent BBC2 documentary, *Expulsion*, about the headmaster of an expensive private school who flushed out the drug-takers and anarchists who were "corrupting" their fellows, dispatching them home at a few hours' notice, many viewers must have cheered and voted him their hero.

Personally, I thought this headmaster (played by himself though the rebels were impersonated by actors) vain, short-sighted, pompous and silly, carried away by the joys of the chase as if he were holding to his feet in the next installment of *The Rivals* of Sherlock Holmes. Though basically I believe that all communists, whether critics or creators, should state their prejudices openly and stand by them, I only regret that they would be so lacking in originality. I must confess this provision of alternatives, though often an excuse for cowardice, can be as unexpected as a reward.

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impeccably conveying the impression of a frozen relationship between husband and wife where everyone lived like statues and love in the end proved a monster. Despite a totally convincing live-in performance by Maureen Pryor as the wife, and splendid supporting cast, it all came over too pat, too tailored to a thesis without the hint that any of the characters could ever have defied their author.

The Cambridge Union debate broadcast last night on ITV, cut down from over three hours, obviously presented problems of pruning to Humphrey Burton especially in view of the anti-parade's tendency to believe that all TV is controlled by subversive underminers of civilisation as we know it. The under-graduate speakers had to be omitted; but judging by the interruptions from the floor including the tedious, time-honoured device of getting "Hear, hear" w. didn't miss much.

This last in the current *Aquarius* series remained, a ever, lively and provocative viewing—Dr Martin Cole, handsome Edward Woodward's *Callan* slipped one under the belt in pointing out that female pub hair has long been acceptable so long as it also reveals a baby head, though, as he said, "to every head that comes down, penis has to go up." Richard Neville was rather wandering, surprisingly unconfident, although, as he pointed out, the other speaker did not have the worry about going to jail tomorrow. John Mortimer was fluent, witty but understandable a little bored with his own, much repeated case. The motto ("Pornography should never be for dummies") was extreme—perhaps due to Lord Longford's telephone call to Miss Stassinopoulos; and most of the emtatio rightous indignation, and horrific stories of decent chaps degraded by dirty pictures at work, or eight-year-olds employed in pornography factories, were monopolised by former President Michael Howard, Lord Longford and Mrs. Whitehouse.

Happy returns

DANCE □ RICHARD BUCKLE

I GUESS—but I have no inside information—that *Swan Lake* may be dropped from the Royal Ballet's repertoire for a time after this winter season while Kenneth Macmillan or more likely Peter Wright, who staged the current production of *Giselle*, re-thinks and rearranges it. What I mean is that a man who has done such a job with *Giselle* must be dying to get his hands on the Petipa-Ivanov-Serguev-Ashton-de Valois ballet.

I saw both these classics this week although it was not a Press night for *Giselle*. Seymour was to have danced the latter, but she was not well, and Shiley was to have danced *Swan Lake*, but she was not well either, so Doreen Wells did both.

If one wanted to find something to say against Wells in these two great roles one could say that she was too fair and too pretty. It seems absurd that these should be disadvantages and yet I have to admit that in a curious way, they are. In the second act of *Giselle* and throughout *Swan Lake* dark hair and distinctive features—even a big nose—can lend tragic weight. In the other hand nothing could be more enchanting than Wells in the springtime dances with Albrecht in Act 1, and her mad scene is wonderful.

David Wall was Wells' Albrecht and Anthony Dowell was her Siegfried. Happy the company that can boast two such prima donnas! If Wall has more natural aptitude for mine, Dowell's slightly taller, has perhaps a graver line. On Thursday Dowell did some beautiful turns, attitude. It would be impossible to imagine an Albrecht who behaved more naturally than Wall. All are banished, all contrive to be living the part, but acting at all. And what a job he is, even if he does have a bird in every bush. At the Act II curtain, after the dawn has saved his life and he has nothing to do for live, for he makes a gesture so "natural" as to be almost unbalancing: his arms flap limply. We see how well matched he is with Seymour, just as the cooler, more princely Dowell is perfect with imperious Shiley.

Gerd Larsen showed her range as Giselle's mother, and the Queen Mother, Dame David Adams, was one of the best Hilarius I have seen. I could not take my eyes off Doreen Bancher's hulff Duke of Courland; and the even more Rothbart more interesting.

In both the *Minkus* pas de deux and the *Tchaikovsky* pas de quatre Michael Colenon soared like a rocket. The corps were like form.

Mr Buckle's book *Nijinsky* is reviewed by Raymond Mortimer on page 40.

Sound of the future

RADIO □ JEREMY RUNDALL

a fresh weekly giggle in *The Best of British Laughs*, with jokers ranging from Sellers to Dodd, Hinn. On Saturdays I look forward with unashamed schmaltz, to the return of *These You Have Loved*—an hour of tuneful oldies presented by Cliff Morgan—as good and natural a broadcaster as he was a rugby player.

John Tydeman's production of *Hamlet* last Sunday on Radio 3 was every whit as good as I had hoped. The cutting and editing were done so skillfully that one hardly noticed the joins; often they helped to heighten the dramatic effect of the text. But perhaps the chief strength lay in the casting. It was all on a high level, and Ronald Pickup as the Prince spoke from the very outset as one rarely able to contain a hurricane of rage and grief. He was geltigne packed in a Ming vase, and when the explosion came it was shattering.

Magda Vrhovec dances the title role in *Medea*, choreographed by Birgit Cullberg. This is one of the works to be given by the Cullberg Ballet, from Stockholm, who open tomorrow, for a two-week season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre



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E GREAT interest of Jean Anouilh's *Dear Antoine* (Piccadilly) is that, beneath its apparent banality, and its delight in its theatrical expertise, it makes justifiably high claims for author's standing as a serious if impassioned dramatist.

Anouilh brings in a roomie in loveliest Bavaria, to hear reading of the will of a lately deceased playwright, a collection of the dramatist's former wives, trusted friends, etc. M. Anouilh does it himself by playing in a gloomy fashions those dramatic tricks with which hisies often reproach him: an anachorete roars down the mountain side, a forlorn dog howls to the wind, piano tinkles the pleasures of the even, is to perceive how, as the y progresses, it becomes clear that, however banal, M. Anouilh is laughing less himself for these tricks than those critics who deride them, or it is the most dazzling in the play, which does not until the third act, that Anouilh demonstrates that the insight of a major novelist. He exemplifies this that very skill as a romancer high-minded, ponderous sometimes humorously as proof that he is not a dramatist at all. He needs levity, audience, as well as players: it would be a mistake not to perceive the y with which he offers, as the reading of his play, the position that we move in ignorance, and shall never be able to w each other. For at the moment that his right hand test this proposition, his left—which is the hand that proves it to be untrue—Anouilh—like Antoine—knows one of his characters' most ret thoughts.

he play is translated with an lent and communicated joy by Ienne Hill, and Robin Phillips acts it in a romantically enspiring darkness, pierced as byes of lightning in the performances of Isabel Jeans, Clive ff. Harold Innocent, and John Menn. Antoine's widow has a jug of vinegar; his critic, with a rare and gratifying ingenuity by Peter Copley, is a re of arrogance founded on pillation; his young girl, as says, is of sulliable purity.

all households were as with sees then the family, as institution, would not long endure. William Douglas Home, in *Douglas' Cause* (Duke of k's) takes a more resolute v. In this historical drama he ws his own family, the Douglas'ies, dangerously but safely through some particularly cherous waters in the tenth century. Archie glas, the heir to the Douglas'ies, was said not to be Archie glas at all, but the son of a sian workman. His claims reflected in Scotland, but led in England by the House Lords, which accepted asible that a woman could have ill at the age of fifty. The ue of rumour, however, was still, and at a dinner y in Douglas Castle in 1910 Douglas Home tries the case over again, to see whether be finally, uncover the truth.

shows a caustic grace of

ing (with some neat blows

or Johnson), his usual light-

of wit, and a striking

ter of the art of presenting

rical detail and argument

out creating confusion. But

it is outstanding in the play

the character of Andrew

ickshank's Judge. It is a very

ost any Western, I find, is

er than no Western. Two

week—bit of a bonus. One

be two is inclined to be high-

in: I will come to that in a

ment. The other is flawed; it

unders, takes a long time

ing anywhere, philosophies

ly on the way. All the same

is enough to enjoy in it.

is thankful for *Wild Rovers*

IC 2, Shaftesbury Avenue; actor Blake Edwards; Metro- r; AA).

ou couldn't call it an heroic

stern. The two central figures

o into action as if by chance;

sibly it makes them more

ible. It is a middle-aged

hand; he is played by

Ian Holden, and that rec-

ular, reliable face, the jaw

a little heavy, tells you

it's owner isn't had a chap,

a man in a rut; he recognises

there is no prospect in the

nd of cow-punching and drink-

and fighting sheep-farmers;

might easily on an impulse be

used to rob a bank and take

for Mexico. His partner is

novice on the ranch, the boy

looks at his seniors and

there are better ways of

ing rich. His innocent air is

really innocent; rather it is

erribly, amably but danger-

ously amoral, and in Ryan

port's portrait one can see the

ryo of the ruthless killer.

Blake Edwards, who wrote the

ip as well as directing, has

the good use of the haphazard

this violent community of the

gan which kills one of the

steer-bank-robbers' horses,

chance which sends the

son of a ranch-owner

arl Malden, very solid and

suave) to the local whore-

ice at the very moment of the

Family circles

THEATRE □ HAROLD HOBSON

stint portrait, and the subtlety in the fact that through it the play becomes not merely a re-trial of the case, but also a reversal of the judge—Lord Mansfield—who secured a verdict for the Douglases in the Lords. Mansfield was clearly prejudiced on the side of Lady Jane Douglas but he claimed his integrity as a judge could not use his prejudice as a man. The question most pointedly is, did Mr Crickshank's twinkling, rubicund, authoritative, and insatiably inquiring judge, like Mansfield, is captivated by Lady Jane. He has the same moral problem. Not till the very last does it know whether he will solve it in Mansfield's way or in his own. His verdict, when it comes, has the startling unexpectedness, though not of course the venom, of Acton's celebrated judgment on Robespierre, who was also a Frenchman. Most artfully prepared, it is embodied in a sentence that suddenly makes us sit bolt upright in our seats.

Tom Mallin's *The Novelist* (Hampstead) is a more successful family inquest than the Greenwich *Electra*. Its theme has been widely heraldised. The novelist (Trevor Peacock), absorbed in his work, has withdrawn from sexual contact with his wife (Gillian Martell), and she pitifully resents it. There is a friend (Tom Baker) who returns to England after three years

drunkenness in romantic places. What the play is about is not the aborting of life by the pressure of artistic creation. To the wife native heterosexuality is an artistic necessity; to the writer in the play an insufferable handicap; his release turns out to be homosexual.

The fascination of the piece is in the contrast between its meaning and its style. Its thesis is of our own day; its long, formal, balanced sentences, embodying a seedy exoticism and a coarse compassion, belong to the period of the *Don Juan* of Stewarts. Mr Stewarts had directed his play, with sympathetic gravity. All three are good, and Miss Martell in her grief-edged harshness and appeals for mercy, more than good.

NAPOLEON, devoted to France, was not a Frenchman; Hitler, devoted to Germany, was not a German; even Mr de Valera, devoted to Ireland, is not altogether an Irishman; so that who was not an Englishman should in *Genera* (Merle) be utterly devoted to England. In this international debate, which exhilarates and stimulates the audience for three hours, which is wise and witty about democracy and dictatorship, science and religion, education and snobbery, public behaviour and private emotion, the twin high points are the sturdy common-sense of Barbara Ferris's Begonia Brown and the suave superiority of Edward Clark's Foreign Secretary. These are an inexhaustible delight, but so are all the players under Philip Grout's swift, refreshing direction.

Michael Ward



Fenella Fielding in the title role of "Colette" (with Joyce Grant as her mother Lido), a play with music adapted by Elinor Jones from "Earthly Paradise," a collection of Colette's auto-biographical writings. The music is by Harvey Schmidt; lyrics by Tom Jones. "Colette" opens at the Sunderland Empire on Tuesday and then goes for a week each to the Manchester Opera House and the MacRobert Centre, Stirling, followed by two weeks at the Oxford Playhouse

Take two heroes

FILMS □ DILYS POWELL

bank-raid; the poker game which results in a fight and a crippling wound. There is the element of the, the prostitute, the ridiculous out of the boy, who while conducting the hold-up has taken a fancy to an unweaned puppy, proposed to supply the little creature with milk during the desperate ride to the border by taking along an obligingly motherly cat. Nobody in this society plans rationally ahead. Nobody reckons that a feud or a fight can mean death all round. The future is something for which you have no responsibility, something which simply happens.

Perhaps it is this bappy-go-lucky feeling which distinguishes the story from the majority of Westerns—and which makes violence bare less disturbing than in many a less lethal film.

One could, I suppose, compare *Wild Rovers* to *Peckinpah's* *The Wild Bunch*. Again there is the suggestion that the end of an heroic era has been reached.

And though slow motion has been fairly widely used of late its employment here in the scene of the taming of the wild horse is

strongly reminiscent of the slow-motion raid in the earlier piece.

Blake Edwards, though handles the method with a kind of joy

the experienced wanderers, encounter the element of evil which used to be essential to the genre; there is a

killings, there is savagery reaction, there is a final reckoning. There

is also a central problem. One of the wanderers (the director himself) has a double obligation—to the wife whom he has deserted and to whom he is now tentatively returning, and to the friend

(Warren Oates) who has shared with him the years of wandering.

Granted that Verna Bloom's

playing of the sad, worn, half-

desperate wife gives more sense

of character than is normal in

the Western; one welcomes that.

At the same time one feels that

Mr Fonda is treating the tra-

ditional form too pretentiously.

All right, so the Western is

among the great myths of our

epoch. *The Hired Hand* carries on, if nobody had thought of that before.

And with so much conscientious art there isn't room for simple emotions.

A FINE fit of the horrors is

offered by What's the Matter with Helen? (New Victoria, Thursday; director Curtis Harrington; De Luxe colour; X), which is about two women whose sons have been convicted of murder and who try to escape publicity by changing their names and moving to Hollywood. There is a tendency with situations of this kind to send for Shelley Winters, and here she is, having fantasies of a deadly past and fondling in a pretty white rabbit. Her companion, agreeably though less plausibly, is Debbie Reynolds, who with diabolical success trains appalling little girls to play Shirley Temple roles. The fun runs begins with the crime. Into the lot of Michael McLiamore as a trainer (for we are in the early days of the talking) of piping infant voices I cannot remember international with a richer, darker flavour. Agnes Moorehead as an Aimée McPherson-type gospeller contributes some happy moments; and with Lucifer Ballard's evocative camerawork to help the nineteen-thirties setting, a hideously enjoyable time is had by all.

AT the Berkeley, Tottenham

Court Road, a Swedish study,

The Yankee (director and writer Lars

Forsberg; X)—a picture of a girl

who is born victim of sexual

seduction, a helpless prey to a

company of small-time criminals,

too stupid to defend herself when,

innocent, she is brought to trial;

Anita Ekstrom's performance is

painfully accurate, but the

general drabness of the film

limits sympathy. In the same pro-

gramme, a French police-and-

underworld piece.

The Rainbow Theatre—the new name for

that astounding monument to

1930s high-camp cinematic baro-

que which was once called the

Finsbury Park Astoria—suc-

ceeded. Even better if it suc-

ceeded while also maintaining

that tremendoously difficult

balance which implies freedom

without anarchy, friendliness

without fantasy, and which does

not only equate rock with raw-

ness. The theatre is the brainchild

of 32-year-old John Morris who

opened up the Fillmore East hall

in New York and was production

director at the legendary Wood-

stock Festival of 1969. He aims to make what's the matter with

the world into a movie about

the rock-and-roll scene in New

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The British invasion

THE INFILTRATORS by Nicholas Faith/Hamish Hamilton £3.15 pp 242

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN

Japan, the emergence of Western Europe as a major economic bloc, and the arrival of China on the world scene have set US power in a new perspective. The pattern of economic relations between these blocks will determine the framework within which all world industry has to operate.

What is really interesting about the development of the multinational corporation over the last few years is that these international industrial giants have separated themselves quite successfully from the countries in which they grew and first flourished. It took a long time for us to realise what was happening.

Servan-Schreiber wrote his book as a political testament because he saw in American industrial strength the necessary consequence of American political power. Even Mr Faith's book has a cover depicting European flags sewn on to and partly masking a larger Stars and Stripes.

But is this really a reflection of what is happening? I doubt

whether the political power of governments is any longer expressed through the activities of its national corporations that have gone global. Years ago in the Ministry of Technology, when we were developing an industrial policy to cope with the multinationals, and when Henry Ford came to the office to talk about his future investment plans or Fritz Philips was in London for discussions with ITC, it became apparent that these were heads of sovereign states with whom we had to establish diplomatic relations.

Last year in talks at the Department of Commerce and State Department in Washington, I discovered that the Americans were only just becoming conscious that the same was true of the relations between the US Federal Government and IBM or General Motors. These principals were operating there with very few formal links with the administration, save only the need to keep clear of anything that would violate anti-trust legislation.

Characteristically, Mr Faith has given us a book to set us thinking. He has opened up questions, the magnitude of which few people realise.

Any strategy for making this power accountable would have to operate at every level. It certainly requires a far more interventionist industrial policy in a country the size of Britain.

Similarly, it would require the Common Market to modify sharply its old-fashioned adherence to "laissez-faire" and begin to set some ground rules and enforce them. It constitutes, of itself, an important new case for industrial democracy at plant level. It opens up the possibility that the United Nations might itself have to develop a supervisory industrial role.

Characteristically, Mr Faith has given us a book to set us thinking. He has opened up questions, the magnitude of which few people realise.

Dancer as hero

NIJINSKY by Richard Buckle/Weidenfeld & Nicolson £5 pp 496

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THOUGH Vaslav Nijinsky survived until 1950, he danced in London for the last time in 1914, and his career ended three years later; nor was any performance of his ever recorded on film. Those now in a position to judge his art are therefore few, but they agree, I believe, in thinking him the greatest male dancer they ever

had induced Diaghilev to engage her in his corps de ballet, though she was notable for her smart clothes and above all her iron determination rather than for outstanding technique, beauty or brains. She kept forcing herself on Nijinsky's attention, apparently in vain. Now, after a fortnight of chastity in a ship he felt the need to make love, and sent her a proposal of marriage. He had hardly spoken a dozen words to her: they had no language in common.

Was that, I wonder, just what attracted him to her rather than to the extremely clever and polyglot Marie Rambert, who was also on board worshipping him? Silent at Diaghilev's side, he had beard such endless talk that was above his head. His wedding to Romola took place in Buenos Aires four days after their arrival. When the news reached Diaghilev he fainted—and then sacked the bridegroom from his company. Here is Mr Buckle's comment:

To chase a man of genius one would have to be a really die-hard anti-feminist. That Romola should set her cap at Nijinsky without being won over to him was odd, but it was wise. She had the good taste to admire Nijinsky's genius: how could she weigh the consequences to the Russian Ballet if she succeeded in separating him from Diaghilev or foreseen the effect it would have on asayak look ahead.

The consequences for the Russian Ballet looked more disastrous than they proved. Indeed, between 1918 and his death in 1929, Diaghilev enlarged hugely his previous achievements, introducing decors by Picasso, Derain, Matisse, Braque, Miró and a dozen other remarkable artists to the history of Western art as the most dazzling member of the Diaghilev company that furthered a cultural revolution. The Frenchmen bowed over by his dancing included Rodin, Odilon Redon, Proust, Claudel and Cocteau. In England the young Osbert Sitwell found genius in both Nijinsky and Diaghilev while Rupert Brooke said of the company: "They, if anything can, redeeme our civilisation." In our more blasé world of groups of artists, I fear, can excite such raptures.

Mr Buckle maintains that, as a choreographer, Nijinsky has influenced all the best of his modern successors. But only his sister, Nijinska, and Massine had seen any of his four ballets, which do not survive in notation. They can be known to Ashton and Balanchine only from these two, and from dancers who performed in them, such as Marie Rambert and Sokolova. Stravinsky and Ansermet thought that his choreography suffered from his ignorance of music, which they probably exaggerated. The question therefore remains open, and Mr Buckle may be right.

Nijinsky's personal life is mysterious as well as deeply pathetic. He was never very articulate and seems to have written nothing that has survived except a few letters and diary entries kept during the onset of his madness. The son of two Polish dancers who separated soon after his birth in 1889, he was brought up by his mother in Petersburg, and trained from nine to seventeen in the Imperial ballet school where he proved shy, had at his books, apparently slow-witted, even ornish, and made no friends. His dancing, however, won the applause of his fellow-pupils, his teachers, and finally of Fokine and of Kchessinskaya, the prima ballerina and Imperial favourite. She launched him by choosing him as one of her partners.

Off the stage he struck most observers (apart from Charlie Chaplin) as rather ugly, more like a pasty-faced, thickset shop-assistant than a hero of romance. He seemed to assume another personality while engaged upon his make-up, in which he looked stunning. In Mr Buckle's view he was always chiefly attracted by girls, though he had a feminine streak, and needed the protective love of an older man, because he had been brought up in a fatherless home. Moreover, in Russia at that time, young dancers of both sexes often formed liaisons with aristocratic patrons of the ballet to their mutual satisfaction, it seems, without causing scandal. In any case, when just under twenty, Nijinsky accepted the advances of a rakish Prince Pavel Lvov, and after a few months passed on to Diaghilev with whom he spent five years in emotional and intellectual dependence.

In 1913, after his prodigious triumphs in Paris and London, he was sent by Diaghilev (who did not go with him) to tour South America with the ballet company. On the ship was Romola de Pulszky, a Hungarian of twenty-three. Her mother was the most famous actress in Budapest; his father belonged to a distinguished family. Infatuated with his career by choosing him as one of her partners,

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I fancy that his responsibilities as a husband and a father may also have proved too much for a man who had always lived a totally sheltered life, hardly able to hook an hotel room or buy a railway ticket. Unwanted stress does precipitate schizophrenia—which, however, might well have struck him later, even if he had not married. His wife now endured thirty years of hope, despair, struggle and often poverty with heroic devotion.

His story is here told by Mr Buckle with profound sympathy for him and everyone else concerned. Already an expert upon Diaghilev and ballet, he has now taken endless trouble to interview everyone who knew Nijinsky. He submitted the resulting text to the dancer's sister and niece as well as to his widow, who has generously approved the book, though it corrects or questions many statements in her own life of her husband.

Mr Buckle has thus given us a scholarly and definitive work, which is also absorbing. Although he hardly ever indulges in the wit that delights me in his articles, readers will find his enthusiasm infectious. The book has been well produced, with forty-eight pages of plates.



"Un Anglais à Mabille": an engraving by Gustave Doré, one of many striking illustrations reproduced in Joanna Richardson's "La Vie Parisienne."

poor and rich. There was also an unbridgeable chasm between the decent and the decadent. Daudier could not earn his living when he turned to serious painting. Miller sometimes knew starvation. Gantier, at the height of his renown, could not afford to stop his journal. Yet when Coral Pearl, his wife, was sent to Paris to meet Cupid in *Orphée en Enfer*, the soles of her shoes were a mass of diamonds. Imperial Paris was not a place for the unhappy or the unsuccessful, though he could not stand the feline pique living in all too often, to the Left Bank cafés and brasseries. Second Empire Paris was a place for the *parvenu* and the *néophyte*. It was a place for the dynamic, the resolute and versatile, for the aristote and the unscrupulous. It was a place for those who could afford to live a life of pleasure.

For them it was a perfect place, at an incomparable time.

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Lower depths

TWILIGHT LONDON: A Study in Degradation by Honor Marshall

Vision £2.50

DOWN AND OUT IN BRITAIN by Jeremy Sandford/Peter Owen £2.75

FRANK NORMAN

THOUGH rather different in their approach both these slim volumes are extremely worthy additions to the ever-expanding library of sociological polemic. Both authors embarked on an unenviable journey into the "bulges" of our society and have reported their findings with blinding and disturbing honesty.

Honor Marshall began by conducting her research through official channels, but council employees reluctant to see the carpet raised, questioned her findings, coming to a book on the life-styles of bona fide alcoholics, persistent drug users and destitute old folk, in the absence of a degree in sociology. Jeremy Sandford, on the other hand, took the bull by the horns and borrowed a pair of broken down boots, some fifty old clothes and a tattered old greatcoat and plunged into the abyss armed only with a sharp pair of eyes and a few good contacts.

Of the two books, Honor Marshall's *Twilight London* seems to me to be the more succinct analysis. In ten brief chapters she runs the gamut of the most appalling degradation our society has to offer those who, through inability or inclination, find it impossible to keep their heads above water.

Miss Marshall's voice is strident but she minimises her use of the word "I". She admits that the police, clergymen, probation officers and voluntary workers were the keenest to assist her in her research. But even they would only agree to clandestine meetings on the understanding that their names would not be printed. None the less, whatever the obstacles set in her path, Miss Marshall has rooted out and exposed the awful plight and basic causes of the way in which thousands of men and women in this country have to live.

Both these books are peopled

PAPERBACK SHORT LIST

aping of the dottier British values, and the dictator who promises them the moon. Racy, perceptive and extremely readable. Modern African Stories edited by Charles R. Larson (Fontana, 30p). Ten stories from the Congo, Ghana, Kenya, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, South Africa and Uganda. Stories of love, life and death, and folk legends to sharp pieces on political and racial issues.

Second Empire Paris was a place for the *parvenu* and the *néophyte*. It was a place for the dynamic, the resolute and versatile, for the aristote and the unscrupulous. It was a place for those who could afford to live a life of pleasure.

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THE QUALITIES I admire in Dr Thompson's book on Butterfield are its humility and its seriousness, qualities belonging to a new generation of architectural historians—the third to view High Victorianism without actually having been High Victorians.

The two previous generations had little seriousness and no humility where Butterfield was concerned. To the first, his works were generally "monstrous" and the second reacted by finding them first funny and, latterly, profoundly and interestingly odd. This second generation is now and I am half delighted and half distressed to find that something I wrote twenty-seven years ago so incensed Dr Thompson that he has become the starting-point of this book.

The trouble with me was that, ascribed by the "ugly" element, Butterfield I interpreted it as purposeful and meaningful action on the master's part; I used the phrase "the glory of ugliness." Dr Thompson will not have this at all. He does not, indeed, dismiss the problems of ugliness but he has other ways of dealing with it. He is to show that it goes away if you observe and describe things fully enough; the others to consider it as a question of "mannerism" and pride in the conquest of self-posed artistic problems—something equivalent to the enigmatic sophistication of Michelangelo. In this I think he may be right.

But whatever view one takes, Dr Thompson here presents the evidence and the prolonged consideration of which will be worth anything at all. He presents it in sensitive prose and with a wonderful wealth of illustrations, twenty-five of them in colour. Of pure biography there is little. Butterfield, the son of a pious London chemist, was a strait-laced, hard-working Victorian, never marrying and needing, perhaps, more affection than can easily be found. Dr Thompson's minutely careful descriptive analysis, it enables him, besides, to group together the detailed information he has gathered on Butterfield's choice and handling of stone and brick. The separate treatment of line, mass and composition is perhaps questionable. It is not easy to detach these factors from each other in one's mind. Also it makes for difficult reading, especially where each author point must be checked against illustrations away from the text.

Of course Butterfield's strange originality, the strong and most obvious of which is the use of vivid diagonal diaper patterns on his walls and, in general, violent patterning in brick, stone, marble, tiles

Visionary architects

WILLIAM BUTTERFIELD by Paul Thompson/Routledge £10 pp 525
PUGIN by Phoebe Stanton/Thames & Hudson £2.95

JOHN SUMMERSON

construction, headed "The wall" and "The roof." Then, after an intermission on colour, we have chapters on form, headed "The house and the mass," followed by one on composition. This obviously runs into pattern suits Butterfield and it also suits Dr Thompson's minutely careful descriptive analysis. It enables him, besides, to group together the detailed information he has gathered on Butterfield's choice and handling of stone and brick. The separate treatment of line, mass and composition is perhaps questionable. It is not easy to detach these factors from each other in one's mind. Also it makes for difficult reading, especially where each author point must be checked against illustrations away from the text.

Of course Butterfield's strange originality, the strong and most obvious of which is the use of vivid diagonal diaper patterns on his walls and, in general, violent patterning in brick, stone, marble, tiles

"compel one to shout and cry at the same moment" and this perhaps goes for many who are drawn to Butterfield today.

Butterfield would never have been the architect he was without the performance and inspiration of his near contemporary, Augustus Welby Pugin. Dr Phoebe Stanton's short book ought perhaps to be read first; but it is somewhat lacking in warmth and gives the impression of having been quarried rather reluctantly from the mass of material collected for the tiny biography that follows. The tiny illustrations make Pugin's extant works even more melancholy than so many of them are.

Nevertheless, Dr Stanton does understand Pugin very well. His historic achievement, as she explains, was to withdraw Gothic from the playground of stylistic eclecticism and declare its relationship to the religion which it served and thus with the society from which it sprang. A Pugin church is not just a study in historicism but a distilled fragment of the Gothic world of Pugin's imagination—lost, calmed, in every respect better than the one around him, and which he earnestly believed could

be recovered. Thus, paradoxically, Pugin announced the social theme which has penetrated and connected all architectural dialogue since his time.

Pugin is as transparent as Butterfield is opaque. It is impossible not to love the man and be entranced by his almost magical communion with the medieval arts. Only two years older than Butterfield, he died nearly fifty years before him, having designed over a hundred buildings and fifty books and illustrations, eight important books, including the savage *Contrasts and the Brilliantly Argued True Principles*. Most of the buildings survive but few show him at his glorious best. Mrs Stanton reveals that there are little-known works in Ireland of great power and beauty.

In England, the sovereign work is surely St. Giles', Cheadle or the Stanhope, one where the nineteenth century explodes into the nineteenth like an angelic rocket. And there is the House of Lords. Here, with Sir Charles Barry as impresario, Pugin brought his art to the very steps of the throne, and indeed to the throne itself, gabled, crocketed, pinnacled and crowned. In a world full of bitterness and disappointment for him, he did at least leave his mark on the place from which (he must have dreamed) a catholic sceptre might some day rule.

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... "doveys" or continental quilts, large bags filled with down, have been warming Europe for years. But as much as we've longed for the weightless warmth, the softness and freedom of the quilt, and the release from tedious bedmaking... for most of us the cost here in Britain has been prohibitive. But now, everything's changed! We've developed a quilt with ICI's new Terylene P3 filling that's almost halved the cost! It's lighter than feather-filled quilts, soft as down, and warm as any quilt you've tried. And it's dust-free, non-allergenic and washable!

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Please send me my order under your Money-Back Guarantee.

To fit Bed Size	Quilt Kits	Made-up Quilts	Personal callers
2' 6" x 6' 6"	£7.80	£9.80	welcome
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The Honourable
Agnes Delyth

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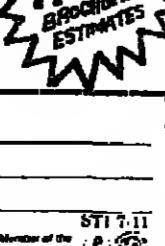
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Turning the tables

MOST PEOPLE can never understand why tables should be so expensive. "Just a bit of glass or wood on some legs," they say. "I could almost do it myself." And in fact it's true that tables are on the whole, inordinately expensive and by searching out the materials yourself and using your tools, hammer, blacksmith or metalworker, you can put together a classy-looking table for much less than you'd find in a shop. Price isn't the only bonus—you can get a table exactly the size and shape you want.

Some of the classic ways of improvising tables are by using blockboard, or cast-off doors, or a paper-hanger's table, and covering them with a pretty cloth. Other tops can be made of slate (try your local stonemason), or marble, they sometimes stock it). Solid glass, laminated plastic or Perspex. If you want a glass table you need heavy glass, not less than 10mm thick, preferably more, and remember it costs

more to have the edges cut and polished than to buy the glass. Pilkington's Technical Advisory Service at St. Helen's, Lancashire, will give you technical advice.

Illustrated are some of the ways in which you make and design your own table and one table that you buy ready-made but is so versatile and reasonably-priced that it's worth including.

Top left: Trestle table from Mostra, 337, King's Road, London, SW3. It has chrome trestle legs (you cannot buy the trestles separately). The top is 59in. by 30in. 10mm thick, which weighs 218lb.

Middle: A table designed by a Sunday Times journalist for his own use. It's points out that you need a solid floor and once made, you can't move it. The base was made from 6in. aluminium tubes which were

burnished up with emery paper and Brillo pads. The aluminium tubes were placed on the concrete floor and concrete poured in to fix them firmly. A bar of strong aluminium alloy with two bolts attached was then lowered into

position so that the two bolts sank into the concrete. An aluminium lid fits with Araldite gave the tube a "finished" look. Little

rubber tacks were attached to the

bar of aluminium alloy and a heavy 1in. thick glass top, 7ft by 3ft, was placed on top. Result: a stunning-looking table for about £260.

Top right: Another chrome base, again supplied by Mostra. It comes

provided with four

screws which enable it to adapt

to an uneven floor. The base, in

three pieces, has to be assembled

at home. Again Mostra will supply

the glass to match, otherwise try your local glassworks. Price for the base is £43, carriage, £1.50.

Far right: Another base for a table, this time you can choose either a round or an oblong shape. These polished steel legs with a clamp-like screw fitting come in three different heights for coffee-table height, £21.50, dining-table height, £26.50.

The two lowest cost £24 for four "legs," and the highest £32. If you want a specially long table you might need six or even eight legs. The advantage is that you can

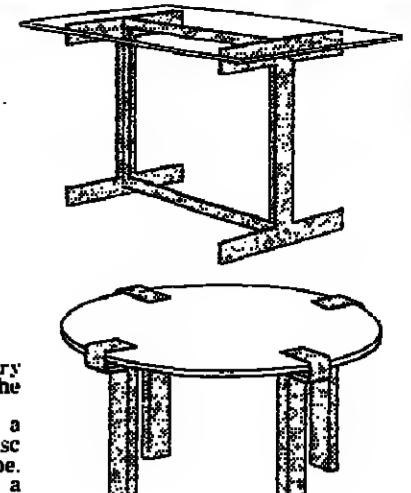
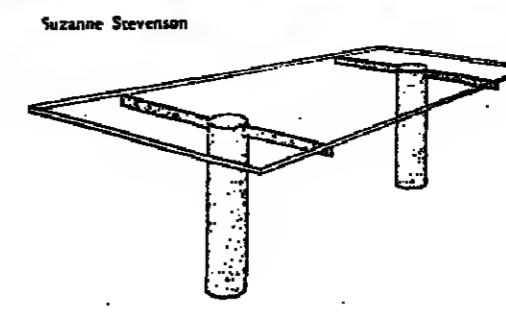
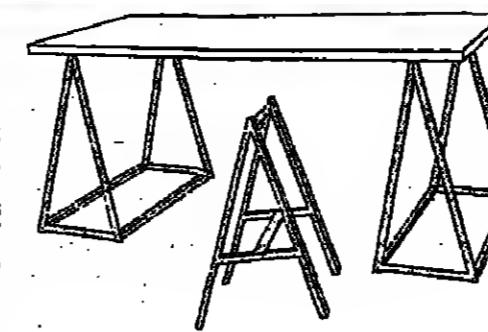
virtually choose your shape or

height. Available from Quip, 226

Westbourne Grove, London, W11.

who will also arrange or order whatever type of top you require.

Suzanne Stevenson



● What is a social club? A place where a man can take his wife on a Saturday night and while he's enjoying maybe a quiet pint and a game of darts she can be discussing the local scandals and housing allocations with her friends.—Letter in *Large and Millport Weekly News* sent to *Look!* by Mrs Margaret Amos, West Kilbride, Ayrshire.

● Even ladies can fit them in a matter of minutes. Illustrated instructions, brackets and even the screws arrive with the blind.—*Venetian blind advertisement* (Mrs Elizabeth Hamlin, Boscombe Avenue, Horsham, Sussex).

● I rather fancy that designers of glasses design them for a certain type of woman, knowing that if they design something elaborate and quite useless it will sell.—*Successful Modern Wine-making* by H. E. Brooker (Mrs M. J. Boning, Mirfield, Yorks).

● If all adding machines vanished the Industrial Revolution would go into reverse until the female cashiers had time to whip off their nylons and free their toes for counting above ten.—*From The Field* (Mrs H. Gravil, Pembroke Park, Portsmouth).

LOOK! AGAIN ➤

LOOK! His and her clothes

MOLLY PARKIN

The Honourable Ralph Mansfield:

It's no good being Victorian with a growing family of girls like mine. It's essential to make an effort to understand the young, in my opinion. I hold the attitude, for instance, that if a girl is going to sleep with a man I'd rather she did it at home than in the back seat of some motor.

I try to extend this attitude to my own appearance, not that I make such a good job of looking "with it" you might say. Turnbull and Asser, for instance, I used to have my evening dress shirts made there but now I must say I consider them rather too trendy for me. Not to mention expensive.

I used to make my pyjamas too, but nowadays my wife makes those. She tried to make a shirt once for me, quite honestly, a national disaster. I suppose there is a limit to what you can ask your wife to do. Now Marks and Spencer make my underwear and my country shirts too.

My overcoats are inherited, though I did buy the last one. I never wear hats. Cap for shooting, of course. I used to have my shoes made but now I pay £4 a pair for Clark's suede, rubber-soled ones. Get through three pairs a year of those.

I have about 15 suits, all by Sutterby and Gay in Cambridgeshire. The head cutter there emigrated from Savile Row. Their top price finest quality is about £70 against £120 in London now.

We're quite keen on presents in this house. Christmas stockings are a great event. Evelyn and I always remember birthdays because ours occur within a day of each other. I'd certainly be wild if I didn't get something. What we give is practical rather than personal. Last year she gave me a set of steel knives. Very fine. I can't quite remember what I gave her.

Evelyn Mansfield:
I don't take any notice of fashion at all. I would be foolish to do so. I'm completely the wrong shape. Pear. I make most of my own clothes. I buy remnants in London, though I seldom there. If I see a coat I like I might buy it. If it's comfortable.

I never throw anything out.

Everywhere
Hair
Is shorter.
So now I know
My son
From my daughter.
Tom Phillips

He claims the footprint
is of the Abominable Snowman
Yeti's evidence
Is spurious.
A.F.G.L.

She was only a fortune-teller's
daughter.
But when I gazed into her eyes
It was crystal clear
We'd have a ball.
Geoffrey Bourne

Little star, they say you should
Twinkle while the going's good:
One day man will be up there,
Fouling up your smoke-free air.
Robin Acland



The Hon. Ralph Mansfield, City wine merchant, and his wife Evelyn at their home near Oxford

A message for people who think automatic toothbrushes are a joke.



Talk to your dentist.

It's just possible he'll agree with you.

But the great majority of dentists take automatic toothbrushes very seriously, and recommend them as an important aid to dental health.

Not because they do something you can't do for yourself.

But because they do something you're very unlikely to do.

Namely, brush your teeth properly.

Which is a lot harder than it sounds.

Correct brushing involves brushing up and down all the way round, top and bottom, inside and out. This way you stimulate your gums and help keep them healthy, and you remove decay-causing food particles from between your teeth.

It takes about three minutes to do the job thoroughly, and it makes many people's arm ache.

Try it.

And then ask yourself if you have enough determination to repeat the exercise at least twice a day from now till Kingdom Come.

If you don't think you have, you should seriously consider buying an automatic toothbrush.

It will brush your teeth with the correct up and down action in one quarter of the time it takes to brush properly with an ordinary toothbrush. And with no muscular effort or will-power required.

Dentists particularly recommend Ronson

Automatic Toothbrushes.

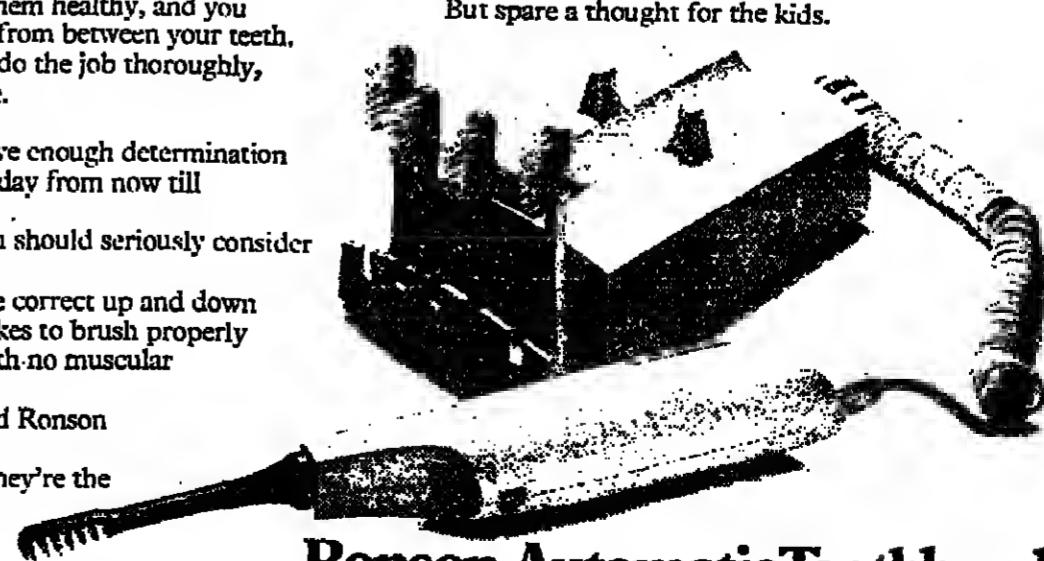
They're battery operated, and they're the

best you can buy. As you might expect they aren't cheap. The price for the travel pack, 2 brush head model is £4.79. For £5.76 you get the full-size family model with five interchangeable brush heads.

So the whole family can get the benefits of brushing properly; healthier gums, and cleaner teeth which are less vulnerable to decay.

You might still conclude that you have the strength of character to do the job properly with a regular toothbrush after all.

But spare a thought for the kids.



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Ask your dentist about it.**

All prices are recommended retail prices excluding batteries.

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LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

Announcing Worse Verse

BY popular request, we have collected together hundreds of poems from the *Look!* Pages and published them under the title of *Worse Verse*.

Mel Calman has added some of his splendid drawings and really, though we say it and shouldn't, the whole thing is a very interesting bargain at 45p.

Worse Verse will be on the stalls on December 2 but we are making it available to readers straight away. All you have to do is fill in the coupon.

To: Worse Verse, The Sunday Times, 12 Coley Street, London WC2H 9YR.

Please send me.....copies of *Worse Verse* at 45p, plus 5p post and packaging.

I enclose cheque/postal order for £.....crossed and made payable to "Times Newspapers Ltd."

Name.....
Address.....

PAMELA VANDYKE PRICE wanted to add her opinion to what has been written of Hugh Johnson's *World Atlas of Wine* (Mitchell Beazley). She says the numerous illustrations, diagrams and maps amply justify the price of £5.50. The concept of showing why the classic wines are as they are because of geographic and other factors is new and ingenious, and the processes whereby wines and spirits are made are presented so that the least technically-minded drinker can understand. There are details of production, consumption and exports to provide lecturers and speakers with an infinity of handy references, anecdotes, pictorial savings and ceremonies to appeal to the armchair traveller. Translations of terms and label terminology, town plans indicating the whereabouts of the great wine firms,

THE Sunday Times Great New Beaujolais Race: well, we had our wine-tastings at Hatch Mansfield's cellars on Thursday, Friday and yesterday. Next Sunday we will name our winner and report on the trip to Beaujolais for the declaration of the 1971 vintage.

Towards a floating standard of morality

THE archangel Raphael has not been getting much work these days, unlike Michael who has all but judging to do. That is, he didn't until the Kennedy family appointed him patron of their Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation, set up by Joseph P. Kennedy Sr in remembrance of his eldest son, who was lost in the Second World War.

Now Raphael is in charge of retarded children, the unvalued craps of humanity who need a powerful advocate. His handsome unisex silhouette was presiding over the Kennedy International Awards and International Symposium on Human Rights, Retardation and Research, to which for some reason I was invited.

The only other participant I was truly anxious to meet, Ivan Illich, decided against coming at the last minute. Perhaps he, too, had been disgusted by the flamboyant expenditure which produced, for one example, three telegrams of welcome, each of 130 words. At any rate, Eunice Shriver told one by way of explanation, his wasn't a very good excuse. I doubt if she'd have thought much of my excuse either, if I'd slunk off when the desperate wish formed itself. As it was I had the patronage of the Kennedy dynasty and the archangel Raphael alonos! as long as I was supposed to.

The first event was a working dinner at the Shrivers' where the academics and scientists found themselves mixing with such unworldly folk as Mother Teresa of Calcutta and Jean Vanier, founder of villages for the handicapped.

"How many children do you have with you now, Mother?" someone asked Mother Teresa reverently.

"Fifty," she answered simply.

Fifty, I thought in despair, and there are 200,000 non-retarded children already sentenced to death in refugee camps in India.

Of course, Mother Teresa was entitled to her award, and to boot the argument ad hominem



• PIN-UP CLOTHES by Anthony Price from his latest collection for Che Guevara, 23/25 Kensington High St, W8. (Tel. 01-937 1363). Left: Carmen Miranda, £10.95. In black crepe with yellow, green, grey or red. Right: Batwing blouse, £7.95. In black and white striped fine cotton. Slit skirt, £5.95. In cotton rayon. Black, white, green or red. All in sizes 10-14. Smashing shoes (4½ in. heels) designed by Munolo Blohnik of Zapato Shoe Company Ltd, 49 Old Church St, SW3 (01-352 8622). Left: "Scallop," £1.8. Butterfly bow, peep-toe stede. Right: "Honey," £17.75. Crepe soled, onkle-strapped suede. Both in sizes 4-7½.

Making the most of meat

Look! book *Caroline Conran has this advice* from her book *Poor Cook* which has just been re-issued by Macmillan at £2.50.

ALWAYS be extra nice and good-tempered in the butcher's shop: it really is worth being good friends with the man who sells you your meat.

He is the person to steer you clear of bargain cuts that are a maze of bone and gristle, he will show you both sides of a piece of stewing steak before wrapping it up. He will advise you which piece of the animal would be most suitable. If you tell him what you want the meat for, it will be more likely to be prepared to do tedious work in the way of honing, mincing and cutting a joint just so, if he is your friend and sees that you care, and if you make a point of going into the shop when it is not particularly busy.

When choosing meat there are several things to bear in mind. Most carcasses have been frozen or chilled but reach the shop soon after slaughter, and in this short time the freezing, which is done fast and at a very low temperature, does not affect the texture of the meat.

It is also more likely to be prepared to do tedious work in the way of honing, mincing and cutting a joint just so, if he is your friend and sees that you care, and if you make a point of going into the shop when it is not particularly busy.

Stews, daubies and casseroles

almost always make use of the cheaper cuts of meat, which are best bought in a piece and cut up at home when every morsel of sinew and gristle can be removed.

Some cuts, for example fry

and chitterlings, are hard to buy

and disappearing fast, especially in the South of England, where it is also almost impossible to buy

them.

meat.

meat.</p

£1.50

IN MY FASHION



JOAN JENKINS

READY TO WHERE? by Ernestine Carter



M is the name of the amazingly successful operation run by two young Americans based in London. It is, says Rudd, Chairman and founder, business consultancy for the fashion industry. "IM" adds Jo-An Jenkins, Creative Director, stands for "Imaginative Minds." It would be hard to find two more imaginative minds and harder to find two more articulate speakers.

Dark, handsome Lee Rudd had ed as assistant to Bonnie Shieh and John Weitz, both well known here. Miss Shieh at Liberty, Mr Weitz at Stin Reed, then as fashion ordinator to Flene's in Boston, to 1968 English-born Miss Rudd decided to come to London. "I voted to freelance," she says. "At people in America kept telling me 'you can't send us a few sketches or samples of fabrics, and suddenly I found ad three or four clients. Then secretary. Then an assistant." Now IM International has a of fifteen, has overflowed its two-storey building in Quebec into an adjacent mews

house. With an associate in New York here they also have an office in Italy and one in Paris. They publish a major fashion report each month. The October issue contains 52 pages (including three triple page pull-outs) fashion news, with clever sketches and layouts by David Lee, their art director, and Jo-An says: "We sense when new shape is beginning and its development into an important silhouette. We pull it together—the fabrics, colours, all, make-up, etc."

In addition to the reports, once twice a month they send out their 250 subscribers in the

Photograph by Kevin Brodie

LEE RUDD

THE MARY QUANT STORY:

left to right), her parasol sleeve

in red seersucker; her blue batwing sleeved sweater over red

tights and yellow stockings; her

sateen: her full sleeves and

gangster suit; her kimono sleeves

smocked pinup in blue cotton

ruffles in striped seersucker; her

and side slit skirt. Shoes, boots,

sockings, tights all by Mary Quant

Photographs by John Cowan at Saffron Hill

for clients, such as the reports they are just completing for a fabric company forecasting colours, fabrics, patterns for Spring 1973. The wonder is that they are only 15 to staff.

LAST week was our Ready-to-Wear Week. The Clothing Export Council say they are happy with the result. According to them 1,500 firms came to Paris. The official figure given in Paris by M. Bruno du Rosse, government spokesman for the fashion industry, of the companies attending their Printemps week was 4,000.

As these showings were aimed primarily at export, and as IM keeps a specialist eye on this market, I asked Miss Rudd and Miss Jenkins why they thought our effort had lagged so far behind the French. "England is," they said, "the greatest in raw creativity, but you don't understand putting it into a commercial package."

Among our "greatest" creators, they list in order of admiration, Jean Muir ("a timeless designer whose clothes should be collectors pieces"), Biba's Barbara Hulanicki and Mary Quant ("both commercial innovators who put together and package a complete story"). Foale & Tuffin ("in a miniature way enormously creative") and Ossie Clark ("an innovator whose influence is greater than his talent"). None of these designers showed at any of the Clothing Export Council's three meetings.

I asked Miss Jenkins to come with me round Celandine House where the London Designer Collections were shown. We did not always see eye to eye. For "commercial, exciting ideas in design" she chose Electric Fittings, Knitting Inc., and Simon Massey. For "excellence of design, workmanship and salability" she picked Hylan Booker for Cannibal, and Harriet "But" she added earnestly, "you must remember we are very junior orientated."

I, too, liked Knitting Inc.'s multi-coloured abstract designs in single cashmere; Harriet's cleverly priced seersuckers and

botanical prints; Cannibal's leather-trimmed Courtelle jerseys; Simon Massey's baby dresses in seersucker and fine stripes. But being less junior-minded, I also liked John Bates' miniskirts over bold prints, his mad caftans, the coherence of his whole collection; Gerald McCann's hawthorn sleeved matte jersey.

But despite individual excellence the overall effect was diffuse. Next to Mary Quant's own showing (sampled above), it just plain lacked clout.

JOHN BATES for Jean Varoo: black linen mini-skirt over black patterned cotton voile, together, £31.50 at Fifth Avenue, 256 Regent Street. From end January.

JOHN BATES for Jean Varoo: caftan in Sekers-Australia's black and red printed Tricot jersey, red broid edged, £19 at Merle, 42 Sloane St. From end January.

KEEPING UP

With openers:

• Last Monday the 101 year old firm of Shipton & Co. opened their first London shop at 39 Sloane Street. Shipton's director and designer, Lord May, stresses simplicity. His emphasis is on the use of stooes, and he says he thinks of gold and silver only as mountings. Prices are as attractive as the jewellery—from £1.75 up. They also make to order special designs.

• Last Wednesday at 78 Fulham Road, Angela Huth and Colin Crewe opened Night Owls, a pink and white shop selling American nightwear for girls of four years upward. Everything is cotton: brushed, flower sprigged, mattress ticking, striped, tassel checked, leopard printed or quilted. Prices from £2.60 to £12.

• On November 28, Michael John are opening a barbershop for men at 6 Carlos Place. David Sage, who did the handsome Michael John salon for women, has also done the men's one. The colour scheme is navy, beige, and chrome. Robes are blue, and white Oxford shirting by David Watts of Jaeger.

Beside hairdressing and manicures, gentlemen are offered a chance to shop (shirts, ties, knitwear, food, shoe sizes and individual TV).

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Estée super eau de parfum. Lighter. But not a drop less explosive. 4 oz., £7.50. 2 oz., £4.60. 2 oz., Spray £4.60.

Estée eau de parfum purse spray. Because no woman should have to go anywhere without Estée. Very potent. Very portable. 1/2 oz., £2.50.

Estée super perfumed body cream. A smooth creamy cream, rich with emollients, moisturizers, and long-lasting fragrance. 8 oz., £5.00.

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LET'S TALK
FACTS

A 2 bedroom, 2 bathroom villa, custom built, like the one above, would cost around £30,000 on a 1/4 acre plot with views of the Golf Course, Mediterranean, Lake or just plain countryside!

Interested? Then write or phone us today . . . (because prices are going up after Christmas).

To: Excellence Overseas Investments
(Agents for Simons-Ls S.A.),
Marleybone, Marlow, Bucks.
Tel: 0284 6221 (night 6222).

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PETER LOWE
List of Correos, La Massana,
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Bradley & Vaughan
Chartered Surveyors
12 Portland Place, London, W.1.
Tel: 01-583 7241 (night 6222).

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